

say it again by thesexfiles

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Summary:

steve has fought demodogs with nothing but a baseball bat. he has risked his life to keep a bunch of stupid kids safe. how is keeping his feelings in check around billy harder? how does it seem like so much more enormous a feat?

tw: homophobic slurs

say it again

Author's Note:

i've never had a uhhh interaction with a penis & have never written m/m before so Let's See How This Goes

again, TW for homophobic slurs (specifically the f-slur, also a mention of HIV/AIDS from an uninformed point of view). there are a lot of them in here, so if they trigger you, this isn't gonna be your kind of fic

somehow they always end up alone.

in the showers after gym class, everyone hurries out to hide their bodies from each other, but not billy. he's proud of his body. and not steve. he just likes the steam.

he's caught billy staring more than once. his eyes roaming up and down his body before flickering away, curiosity replaced quickly with anger on his face. these are the times he lashes out at steve - taunts him for no longer being the king of the school, berates him for not knowing how to take a hit, criticizes his clothing choices or social skills or the way he sits in class. steve doesn't mind. he no longer cares about being the most popular boy in high school; he just wishes people would leave him alone about it.

anyway, he still has the better hair of the two.

steve has never met a gay person, or at least, he doesn't think he has. he's not sure how he would be able to tell. from what he's heard, gay men are supposed to be flamboyant, skinny and sickly. he's heard of gay-related immune deficiency, but billy doesn't look like he has any sort of disease. he is achillean in appearance, his long blonde hair cascading over his shoulders, his muscles tight and defined like a warrior.

all right, so steve has caught himself staring, too.

he's heard billy brag about his conquests, the girls he takes out, but he's never seen him with a girl other than his stepsister. for all billy talks, it seems to be just that: talk. steve pictures billy: water cascading down his chest, looking at him intensely, not knowing that everything on his perfect face is perfectly legible. steve knows. he doesn't know how he knows. but he does.

and knowing makes him wonder, too. what would it be like to kiss billy? he's not gay, but he's curious. would his lips be as rough as he is, or would they be soft and pliant like nancy's had been? he feels a pang in his chest at the thought of nancy. he wishes her well, but knowing that she doesn't love him hurts. and all right, he's feeling insecure. unwanted. he used to own the school, and now not only has he lost that position of power, but he's lose the girl he gave it up for. he's nobody now.

or he would be nobody, if billy would leave him alone. but the problem is that he won't. he follows steve everywhere, mocking and taunting him. he seems to be on a mission to make sure that steve knows that he hates him. steve feels bad for him.

once again, they're in the showers, and all the other boys in class are trickling out, eager to get to lunch. billy stands close to him in the showers, always has. it's an intimidation tactic, he thinks, but he also knows better. with just the two of them alone in here, billy could back off a little bit. steve can smell the sweat washing away from billy's skin.

billy is going to pick a fight soon, steve knows. he can't stand the silence hanging in the air between them, and he can't stand the fact that it's just the two of them alone, standing too close together, naked. and sure enough, billy does.

"hey king," he says, flicking his chin toward steve in a practiced nod. "your form today was weak. distracted by something?"

yes, steve wants to say. the truth is that he was thinking about nancy. billy seems to be able to read his mind, anyway, because he says, "thinking about your girlfriend? oh, sorry, ex-girlfriend." he leers at steve, and steve closes his eyes and tries to focus on the feeling of the water against his back. he will not get to me, he will not get to me.

steve has fought demodogs with nothing but a baseball bat. he has risked his life to keep a bunch of stupid kids safe. how is keeping his feelings in check around billy harder? how does it seem like so much more enormous a feat?

plant your feet, he thinks to himself. he breathes and lets himself submerge his entire head under the shower water, farrah fawcett hairspray be damned.

“hey faggot,” he hears from beside him. “i’m talking to you.”

“why?” steve hears himself say. now the only sound is the water running between them. he opens his eyes and catches billy staring once again. “you don’t like me. i don’t like you. why do you keep talking to me?”

billy glances away, his jaw hardening, but steve can see something new in his eyes: anxiety. maybe billy can win a physical fight, but steve understands people. he can read dynamics, and he realizes now that he has billy down. this is the kind of fight that steve can win.

“you’re scared,” steve says. “you’re intimidated by me. you think i care about this high school bullshit. you think you can push me to do something i’ll regret in an attempt to win my title back. you care so much about this that my disinterest in your sovereignty over this school scares you. if you can’t control me, maybe you aren’t the new king after all.”

billy makes a fist, but holds it tight against his thigh. steve glances down at it and sees that it isn’t the only thing tight against his body.

“and i don’t think i’m the one you should be calling faggot,” he says, although there’s no malice behind it. he turns the water off and grabs a towel, leaving billy alone in the showers, aroused and afraid.

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unfortunately, he has gym every day. yesterday’s triumph becomes today’s problem. his words have had time to settle and billy, he’s sure, has had time to come up with a plan for revenge. he dreads it all day, thinks about skipping, but he’s skipped too many classes

already and he really, really wants to graduate. as always, it's him and billy on the court, playing against each other as if no one else were there. billy's gaze is hard as he blocks steve from the basket. his eyes are piercing, and steve almost stumbles backwards. almost. instead, he manages to elbow billy aside and make the basket. an eye for an eye, after all.

later, in the showers, the other boys begin to trickle out, towels wrapped around their waists as they head for the locker room. steve thinks about going, too, but he's not done washing up after a particularly intense game, and if he doesn't hold his own space after the words they exchanged the day before, they'll mean nothing.

today, billy seems to have nothing to say to him. steve avoids looking over at him as he washes his own body, not yet ready to feel relieved. there's a tension in the air, hanging around them like steam, and steve can't help but feel as though the other shoe has yet to drop.

the bell rings, startling him. it's time for lunch, and he and billy are still standing here together in silence. he's never stayed in the showers this late, but now it's a game of chicken. he won't leave until billy does. this is his space, even if it's no longer his school.

out of nowhere: "good game today, king." he risks a glance at billy and sees the other boy smirking at him, his hair slick against his head. are they friends now? no, steve thinks. but they are standing awfully close - maybe even closer than yesterday.

"thanks," steve says tentatively. "you too." he realizes he was too preoccupied by his own worries that billy would beat him up to spare much thought for nancy and jonathan, even though he saw them kissing against jonathan's car earlier that morning.

"you're not going to say anything," billy says, "to anyone." it's not a question.

"about what?" steve asks, feigning innocence even though, as he looks over at billy again, he can see the evidence of billy's lust for him just as present today as it was yesterday. has it always been like this? had steve just never noticed? is this why it was always them, in the end, in the showers, with everyone else gone?

“nothing,” billy says with a threatening smile. “you know i’m not a faggot.”

“neither am i,” says steve. he takes a shaky breath and dispenses some soap onto his hands, rubbing it onto his arms for something to do. now that he’s noticed billy’s erection for the second time, it’s all he can think about. all he can look at, really. steve isn’t gay, he knows that. he was too in love with nancy for that to have been a lie. but as billy grabs his soapy arm and twists it just hard enough to hurt, he thinks maybe he isn’t exactly straight, either.

“say it,” billy says. he takes a step closer, his face mere inches away from steve’s.

“say what?” steve replies.

“say you know i’m not a faggot,” says billy, tightening his grip on steve’s arm. steve gasps, the pain somehow changing to pleasure as it courses through his body.

“billy,” steve says.

“say it,” billy demands through gritted teeth.

with his free arm, steve touches the evidence to the contrary as he whispers, “i know you’re not a faggot.”

a shudder runs through billy at his touch. he closes his eyes, nudges his hips into steve’s hand. “i can’t hear you.”

feeling bolder, steve takes billy in his hand, gripping him almost as hard as the grip billy still has on his arm. “i know you’re not a faggot,” steve says, beginning to move his hand up and down.

“say it again,” billy says, anger washing into lust under the steam. he grips steve’s shoulder for support as his body begins to give in to steve’s ministrations.

“you’re. not. a faggot,” says steve, panting and swiping his thumb over the tip of billy’s cock, watching billy shudder again. billy lets go of his arm and he tangles his free hand in billy’s hair, pulling him closer. he twists the hand on billy’s cock experimentally until he finds

the speed and movement that makes billy pant the hardest, his open mouth just a centimeter away from steve's. steve has never done this to anyone but himself, and he's breathing hard from the effort and from just how much this is turning him on. he brings billy's mouth to his, their lips meeting sloppily as they pant together. there's nothing soft about this, nothing in this that feels like how it was with nancy, and steve is grateful for that. this is a different kind of good.

it doesn't take very long - only about a minute longer - before billy is coming onto steve's hand with a quiet groan, his eyes closed and fists tightly clinging onto steve's shoulders. as his breathing calms, he takes a stumbling step back, wide-eyed. he stands under his own jet of water and composes himself.

"you're damn right i'm not," he says, and then turns the water off and walks away.

steve stares after him, his own erection still tight against his stomach. as the water runs, he groans and leans back against the wall, bringing his hand back down to take care of himself. it's a matter of minutes before he's also coming with a quiet moan, the image of billy's muscular body in his hands still burned into his eyes.

they always end up alone together in these showers. the only thing that changes is the amount of time spent under the water. the next week steve takes billy's cock in his mouth and declares billy the new king, no, better than a king, a new god. he worships billy's body, his hand running along his inner thigh and cupping his balls as his tongue circles the tip of his length. he pretends not to notice billy crying when he comes, the tear streaks on his face washing away with the water. he stands up and billy immediately drops to his knees, taking steve into his own mouth for the first time, effectively hiding his tears.

steve wonders what's eating him up so much about this, but he also doesn't have to wonder. it doesn't hurt him as much, his attraction to billy. but every time billy touches him, it's as if he's touching fire. he hates how much he wants steve. he avoids steve's eyes while he jerks him off, and when steve finishes he leaves without another word.

at school he still taunts steve, but not as much. there's more than

hatred or jealousy behind his words, and whatever they can't work out in the gym, they'll work out in the showers afterwards.

it's not a relationship. it's not even fully functional. but it's human touch, and it's something new. steve has done so many scary things now that this? this feels normal.

"i'm not a faggot," billy whispers a few weeks later between rough kisses. "this is just messing around."

"i know," says steve. and he does. if this is the truth billy wants to live, that can be his truth, too. it isn't love; it's convenient. that's all he needs as his broken heart slowly mends. "it just feels good to be touched."

"yeah," says billy, his hand caressing the back of steve's neck. "yeah."